We Conquer,

Dear Girls, but for you.

As ſung at VAUXHALL.

COME ſailors be filling the cann,
The wind is beginning to blow,
We've time to drink round to a man,
And then to weigh anchor muſt go;
What thouſands repair to the ſtrand,
To give us a cheering adieu,
Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When oft on the main topmaſt yard
The ſailor is ſwung to and fro,
Tho' the tempeſt blows ever ſo hard,
He whiſtles defiance to woe;
The gale can but laſt for a while,
Tis always the boaſt of the crew,
And then they reflect with a ſmile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

The battle tremendous appears,
When blood ſtains the face of the main,
Tho' thunder reſounds in his ears,
The ſailor's a ſtranger to pain;
The thought, with what rapture and pride
Each girl will her hero review,
Tis this makes him danger deride,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.